



No. 115

Ten Cents

SEPT.
1946



Detective COMICS

AN UNUSUAL
ACTION-PACKED
BATMAN
and ROBIN
ADVENTURE:
"The MAN
WHO LIVED
IN A
GLASS HOUSE"



"Here's one for the book!"



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Kodak

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -



PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS
HOUSES CAN THROW STONES
WHenever they feel like it—PROVIDING THEY
KEEP BATMAN AND ROBIN HANDY TO SETTLE WHAT-
EVER LITTLE DIFFICULTIES MAY ARISE. FOR WHEN THE
DYNAMIC DUO BECOMES INVOLVED IN TROUBLES CONNECTED
WITH AN ARCHITECT'S DESIGN FOR TRANSPARENT LIVING, IT TAKES
THEM NO TIME AT ALL TO SEE THROUGH A RUTHLESS VILLAIN'S
PLOT FOR VICTIMIZING—

'The Man Who Lived in a Glass House!'

DETECTIVE COMICS, No. 115. Sept., 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address

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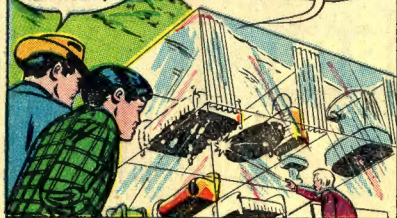
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BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, VIEW A MODEL OF A STARTLING, NEW GLASS HOUSE...

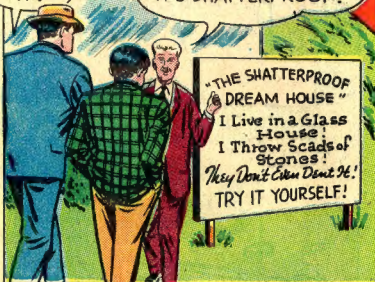
THIS IS IT, DICK... BUT WHAT'S HE DOING?

THROWING STONES!



AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF BREAKING IT?

NO! I'M RAY ARLISS, DESIGNER OF THIS HOUSE! I THROW ROCKS TO PROVE IT'S SHATTERPROOF!



IT'S A SPECIAL, STRONG GLASS! I INVITE VISITORS TO TRY AND BREAK IT!



HERE COME SOME NOW, LOADED FOR BEAR!

THE VISITORS HURL THEIR ROCKS WITH ENTHUSIASM—BUT NOT AT THE HOUSE!

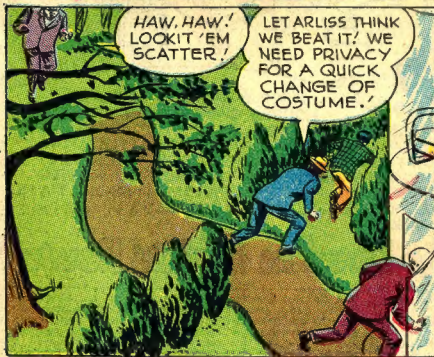
QUICK—INTO THE HOUSE!



WE DON'T TRUST GLASS HOUSES! LET'S GO, BRUCE!

HAW. HAW! LOOKIT 'EM SCATTER!

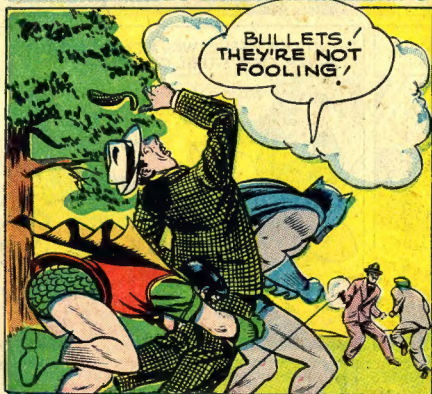
LET ARLISS THINK WE BEAT IT! WE NEED PRIVACY FOR A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME!

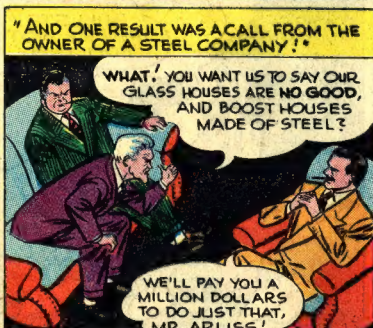
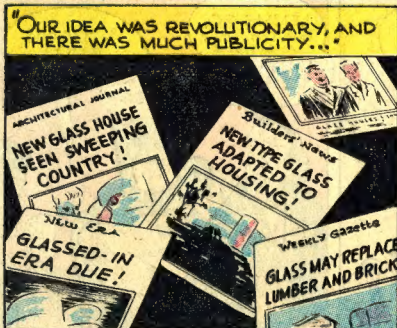


OH, OH—THEY'RE TOSSING HAND GRENADES!

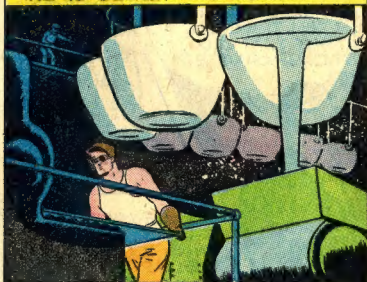
GRAB THEM!



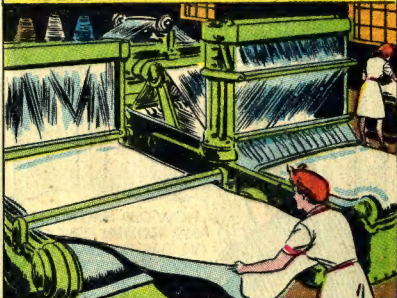




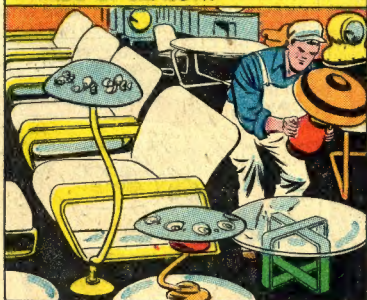
"I HAD PLATES, BLOCKS AND SHEETS OF TOUGH, PLASTIC GLASS MADE ACCORDING TO SECRET FORMULAS..."



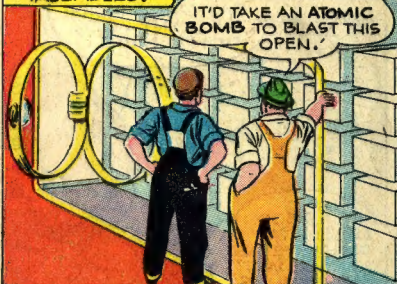
"I HAD FABRICS WOVEN FROM GLASS FIBERS..."



"I HAD FURNITURE AND ORNAMENTS MADE OF GLASS..."



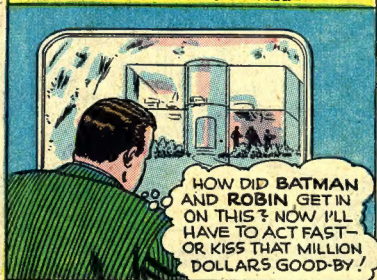
"I EVEN HAD A VAULT DESIGNED OF DIAMOND-HARD GLASS, FOR STORING VALUABLES!"



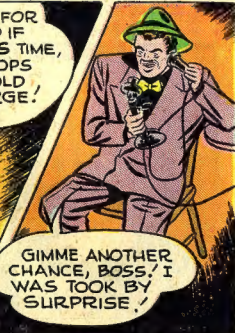
AND THIS IS THE FINISHED PRODUCT!



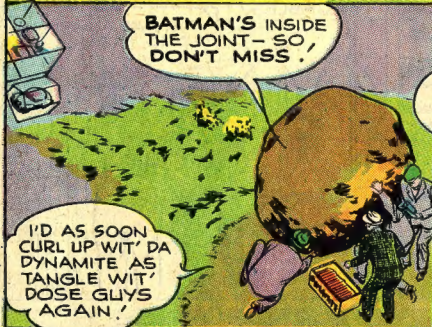
MEANWHILE, IN HIS WINDOWLESS STEEL HOUSE, BASIL GRIMES WATCHES THEM THROUGH TELEVISION PANELS...



I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, TINY—AND IF YOU MISS THIS TIME, I'LL TELL THE COPS ABOUT THAT OLD STICKUP CHARGE!



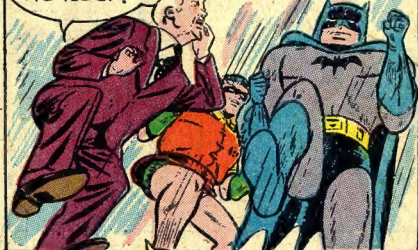
AND PRESENTLY—MORE STONE-THROWING!



A STORM IS GATHERING—BUT THE CRASH THAT STARTLES THOSE WITHIN THE GLASS HOUSE DOES NOT COME FROM THE CLOUDS.

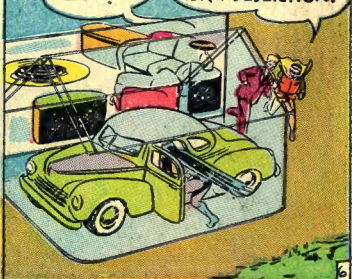


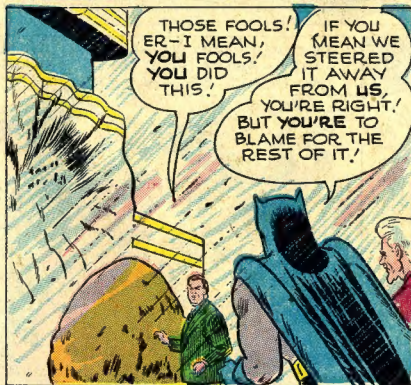
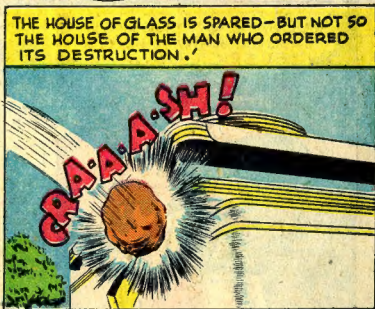
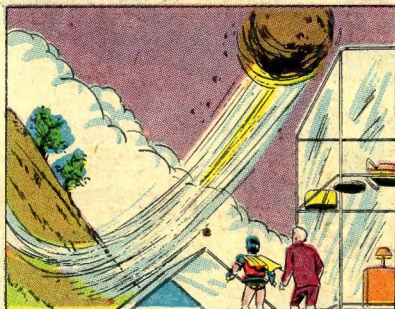
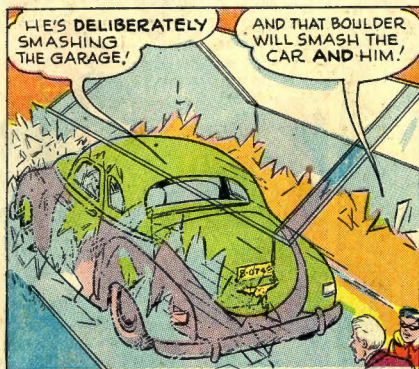
THE GARAGE MIGHT BREAK ITS FORCE—BUT I RAN SHORT OF SPECIAL GLASS AND HAD TO USE ORDINARY GLASS FOR EVERYTHING BUT ITS ROOF!

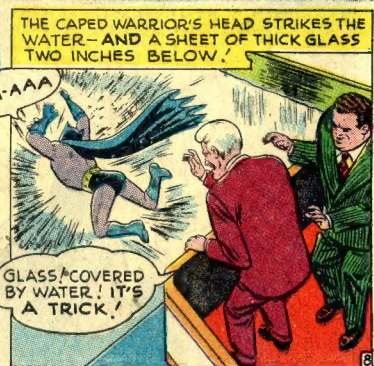
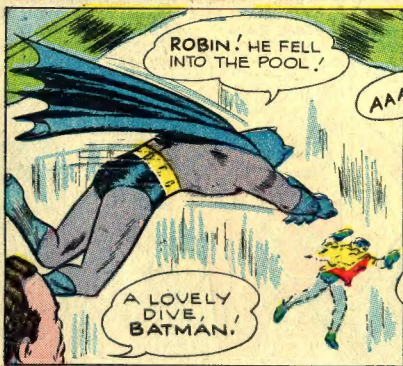
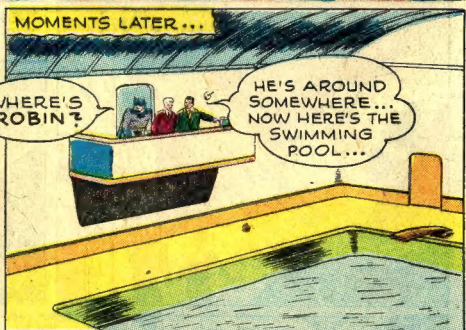
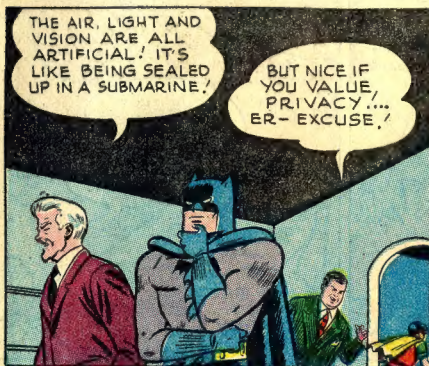


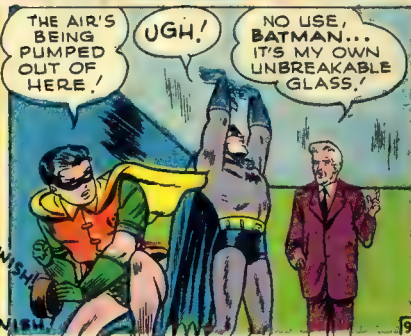
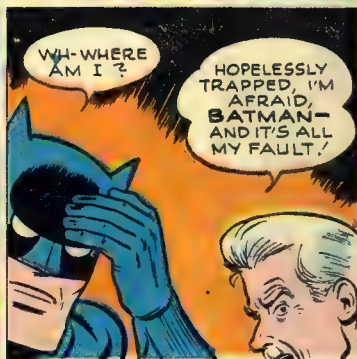
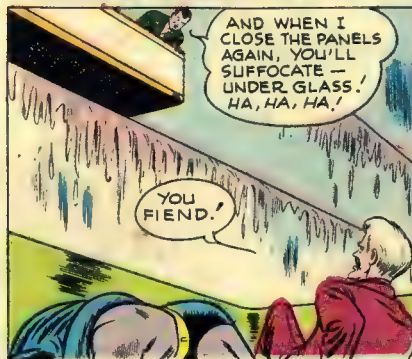
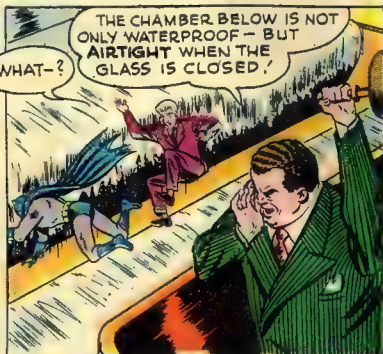
IS HE GOING TO RUN OFF AND LEAVE US?

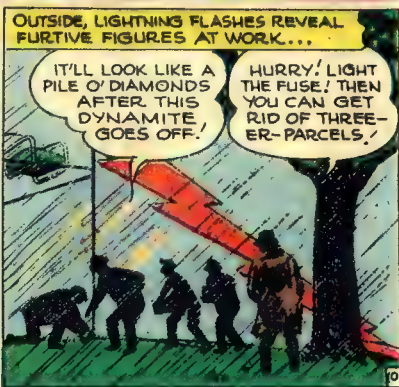
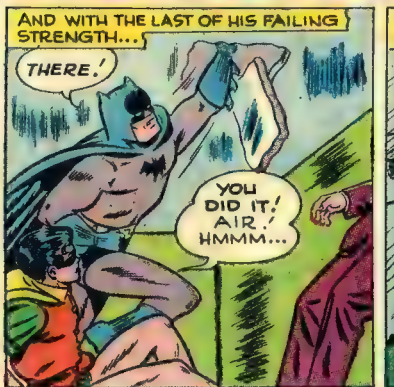
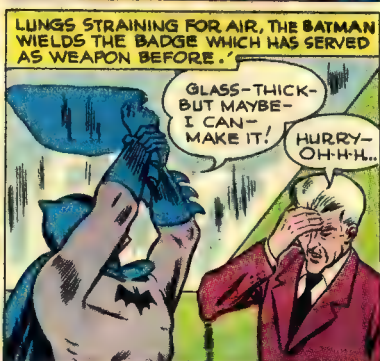
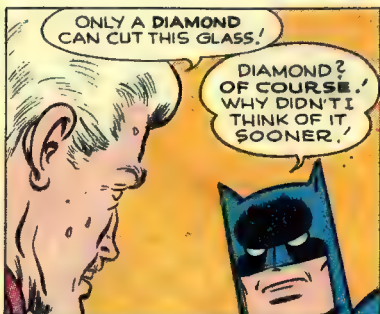
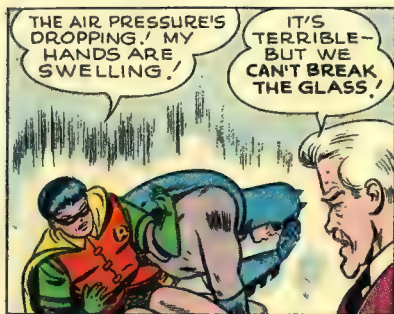
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN HIS MIND, BUT IT ISN'T DESERTION!

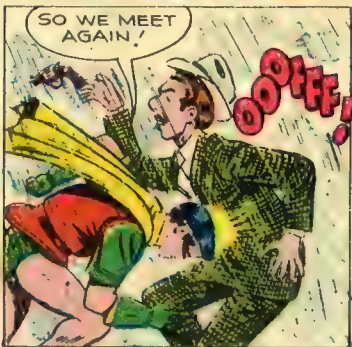
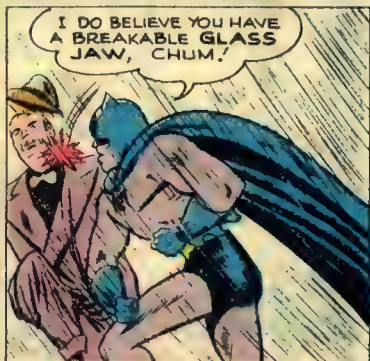
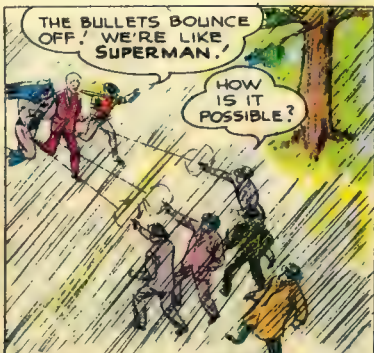












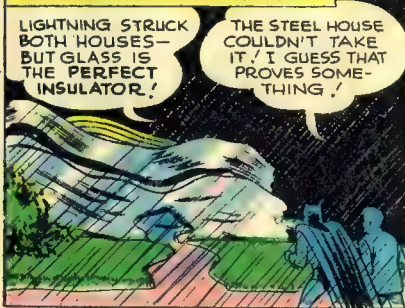
AND NOW FATE TAKES A HAND! LIGHTNING STRIKES AND...



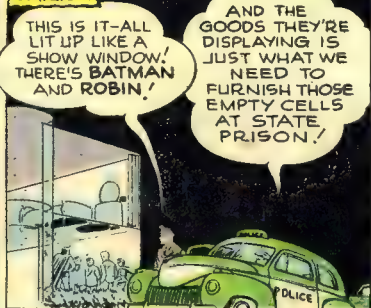
DAZZLING LIGHT BLINDS THE DYNAMIC DUO FOR SECONDS...



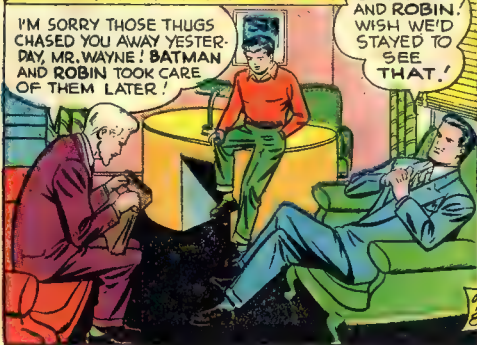
AND THEN THE GLARE FADES...



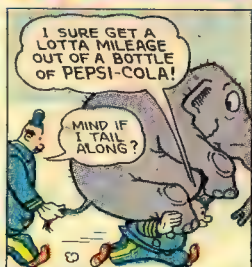
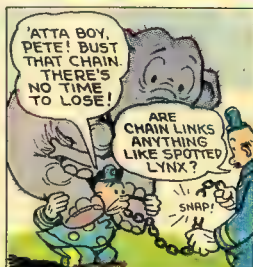
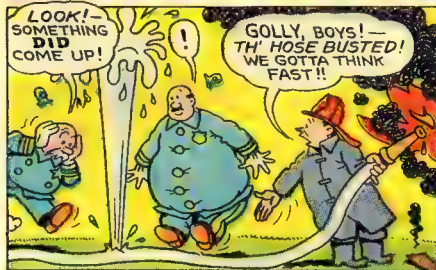
LATER...



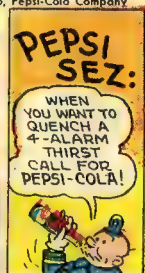
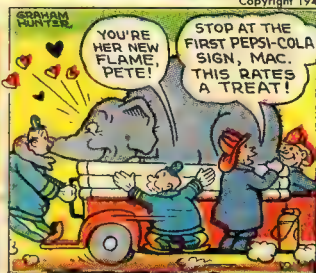
NEXT DAY, AT THE WAYNE HOME...



"PEPSI" The PEPSI-COLA COP



Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company



Johnny MIZE

AFTER 3 YEARS OF NAVY--BIG JAWN THE GIANT IS SAILING INTO NATIONAL LEAGUE PITCHING

ONE OF BASEBALL'S MOST FAMOUS SLUGGERS, MIZE HAS A BIG LEAGUE AVERAGE OF .331. HE HIT 43 HOME RUNS IN 1940 TO TIE THE LEAGUE RECORD FOR LEFT-HANDED HITTERS

THAT'S NOTHING. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM REACH FOR HIS WHEATIES

MIZE IS BACK

I LIKE 'EM HANDY

"I LIKE TO KEEP WHEATIES IN A HANDY SPOT IN THE KITCHEN," SAYS JOHNNY MIZE. "I'VE FOUND THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES MAKE MIGHTY FINE EATING ANY TIME. LIKE MOST BALL PLAYERS I KNOW, I EAT WHEATIES AT BREAKFAST--BUT I LIKE 'EM BETWEEN MEALS AND BEFORE BEDTIME, TOO. I HOPE YOU'RE GETTING THIS EXTRA FUN FROM WHEATIES YOURSELF."

USE COUPON ON YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE

BIG JAWN'S OUTSTANDING RECORD IS HITTING 3 HOMERS PER GAME IN 4 GAMES. FIRST BASEMAN MIZE IS A CHAMPION FIELDER, TOO--ONCE PLAYED 61 GAMES WITHOUT AN ERROR



"I'VE SEEN GOOD COACHING TURN A FAIR ATHLETE INTO A REAL CHAMPION," JOHNNY MIZE WILL TELL YOU. "AND I'M BETTING GOOD COACHING CAN DO PLENTY TO HELP YOU. THAT'S WHY I HOPE YOU GET WHEATIES NEW BASEBALL BOOKS. THERE IS ONE ON 'THE OFFENSIVE GAME' (I'M IN THAT BOOK) AND ONE ON 'THE DEFENSIVE GAME.' I THINK THEY'LL DO A BANG-UP JOB OF IMPROVING YOUR GAME. BETTER CHECK ME UP ON THAT RIGHT AWAY."

AIR WAVE

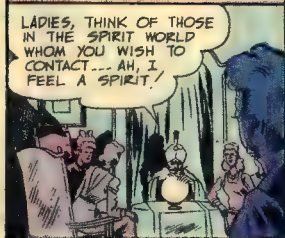


WHEN CRIMINAL HARPIES WITHOUT CONSCIENCE PREY UPON EMOTIONS OF BEREAVED PARENTS, THAT WIZARD OF WIRELESS, AIR WAVE, SWIFTLY STEPS IN WITH STATIC, THE PROVERB-MANGLING PARROT, TO PROVE THAT EVEN THE MEANEST OF RACKETEERS CAN BE TURNED TO GOOD ACCOUNT IF ---

'DEAD MEN CAN TELL TALES!'

AS A TENSE AUDIENCE WATCHES, SWAMI ABDUL CONDUCTS A SEANCE ----

LADIES, THINK OF THOSE IN THE SPIRIT WORLD WHOM YOU WISH TO CONTACT --- AH, I FEEL A SPIRIT!

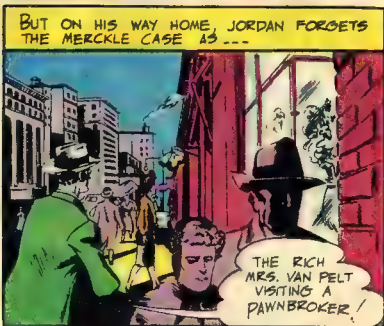
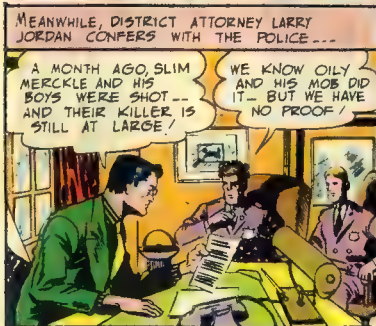
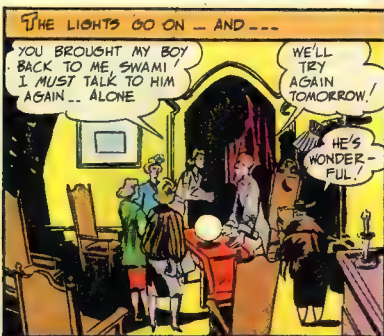


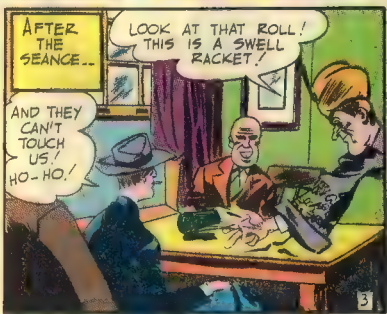
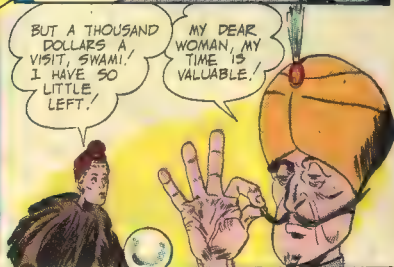
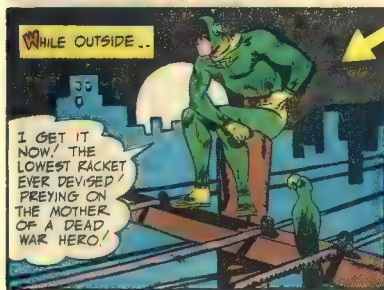
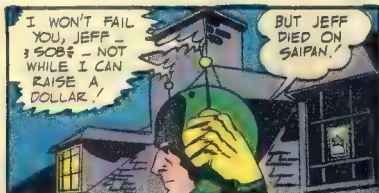
MOTHER! I'M SO LONELY...

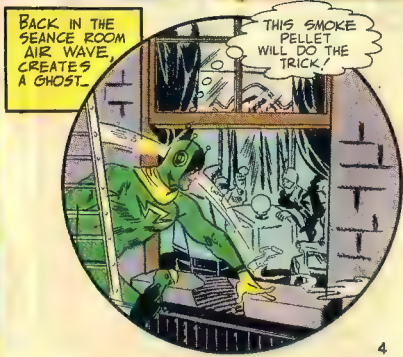
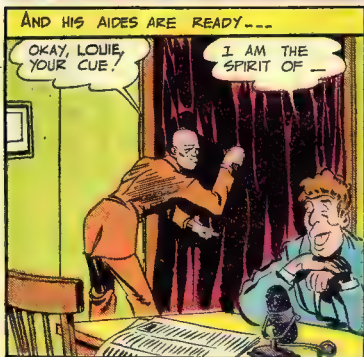
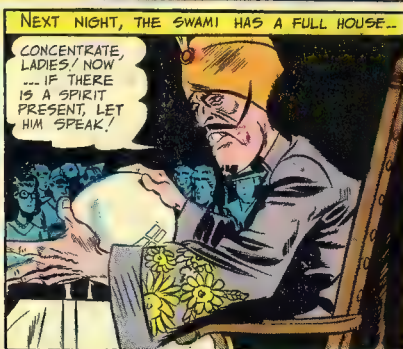
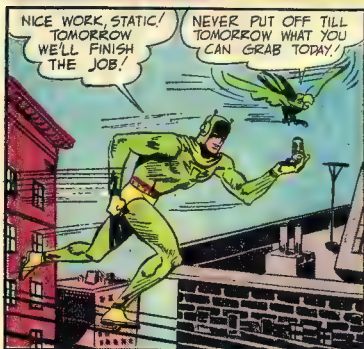
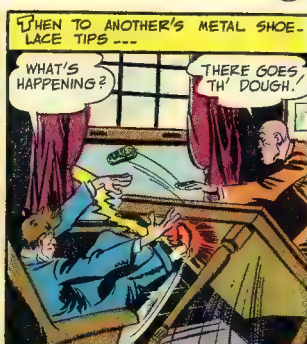
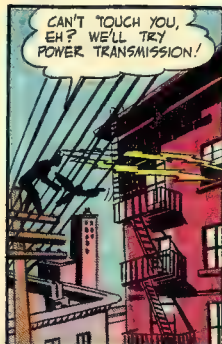
SPEAK, SPIRIT!

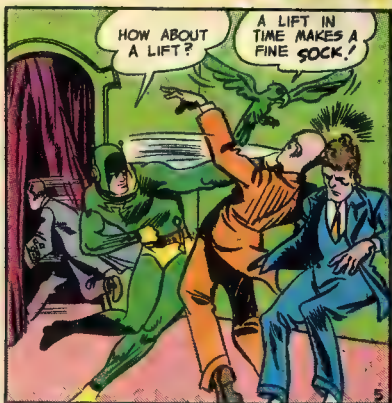
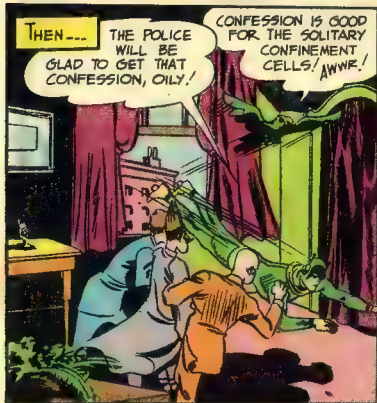
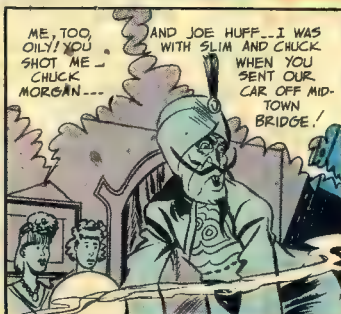
THAT'S JOHNNY MY SON, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE WAR! OH-JOHNNY!

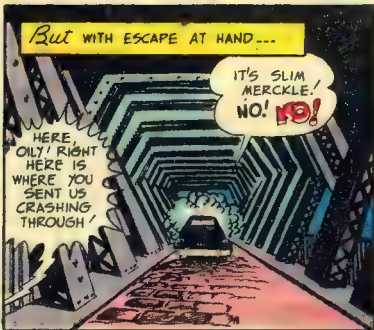
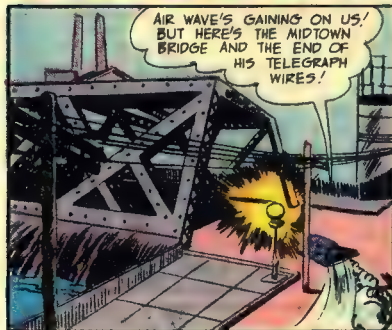
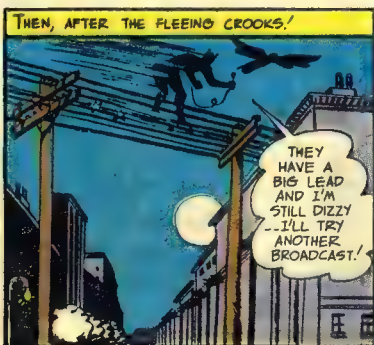
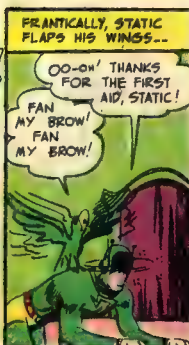












**GOLLYGOSH!
FUNNY PAPER PEOPLE
ON BUTTONS!**

GEE—SUPERMAN,
ANDY GUMP! WOW!
DO THEY COST
VERY MUCH?

NO, I GOT
THEM AS
PRIZES!

PRIZES?!!!

SURE! YOU GET ONE
BUTTON AS A PRIZE
IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S PEP!

MOTHER, MOTHER, WILL
YOU GET US --
SOME KELLOGG'S PEP,
WILL YOU
PLEASE?

PEP?
WHY THAT'S
"THE SUNSHINE
CEREAL"

M-M-M, PEP
TASTES GOOD!

AND WE GET
SWELL BUTTONS
LIKE THIS!



GET GRAND PRIZE BUTTONS WITH

Kellogg's PEP!

ONE IN EVERY
PACKAGE—

**18 Buttons
in All!**

OLIVE OYL
DAGWOOD
SUPERMAN
BLONDIE
RIP WINKLE
LORD WINSLOW

POPEYE
UNCLE WILLIE
ANDY GUMP
JUNIOR TRACY
EMMY
LORD PLUSHBOTTOM

MAGGIE
JIGGS
MANS
FRITZ
LITTLE KING
POP JENKS

Collect 'em—swap 'em—wear 'em! One of these shining, all-metal buttons ready to pin on is a prize in every package of Kellogg's PEP. Ask mom to get you Kellogg's PEP today!

LISTEN
TO

SUPERHERO!

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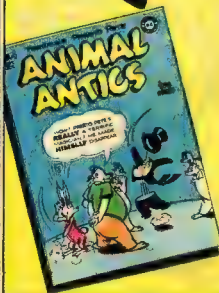


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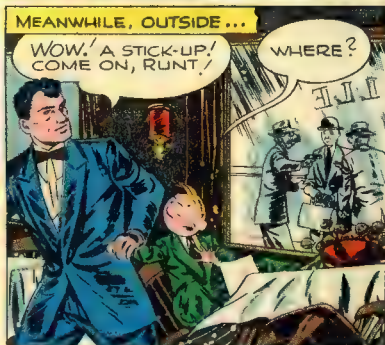
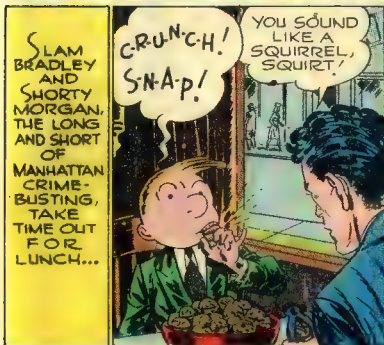
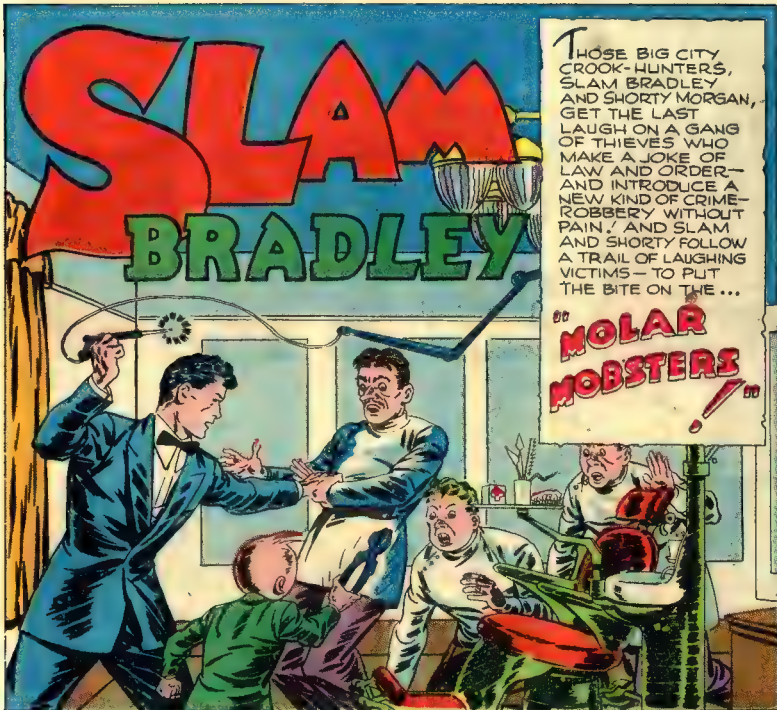
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ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS
ALL-FLASH
ALL FUNNY COMICS
ALL-STAR COMICS
ANIMAL ANTICS
BATMAN
BOY COMMANDOS
BUZZY
COMIC CAVALCADE
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
FUNNY FOLKS
FUNNY STUFF
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS
MUTT & JEFF
REAL FACT COMICS
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SENSATION COMICS
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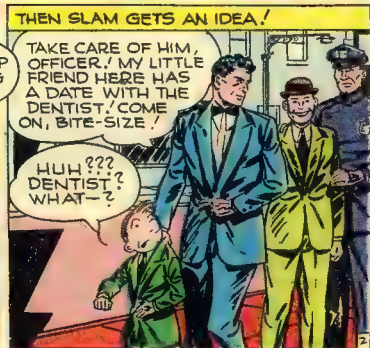
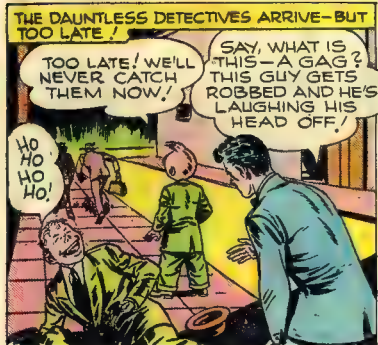
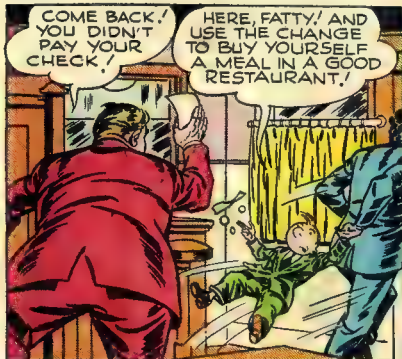


JUST SEE WHAT HE HAS
IN HIS POCKET!
A BUNDLE OF BOOKS
WITH THIS SYMBOL
OF WORTH—
GET YOUR SHARE BEFORE
HE CAN LOCK IT!



— ON THE COVER OF
ANIMAL
ANTICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

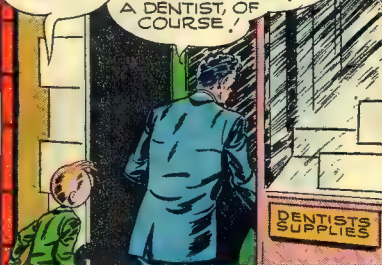




BUT, FIRST, THEY STOP AT A DENTAL SUPPLY SHOR...

WHAT'S UP, SHERLOCK?

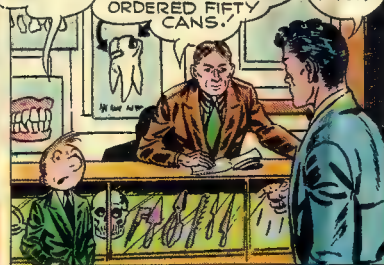
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR CHUMP, WHO USES LAUGHING GAS? A DENTIST, OF COURSE!



BOY! THIS JOINT IS CREEPY!

YES, WE DID GET AN UNUSUALLY LARGE ORDER FOR LAUGHING GAS THIS MORNING! DR. DAMON—HE ORDERED FIFTY CANS!

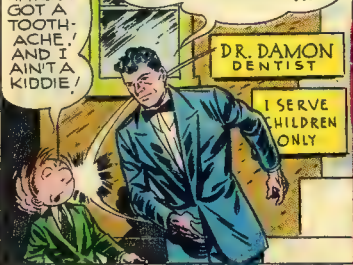
THANKS! COME ON, HALF-PINT!



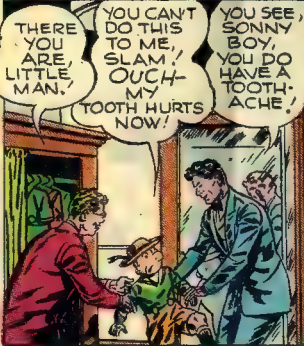
THEN, THEY VISIT A KIDDIE KLOTHING SHOP. WHY? READ ON!

BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A TOOTH-ACHE, AND I AIN'T A KIDDIE!

OH, YES YOU HAVE, TINY TOT! AND YOU'LL BE A KIDDIE—IN A JIFFY! COME WITH ME...



CLOTHES for TINY TOTS



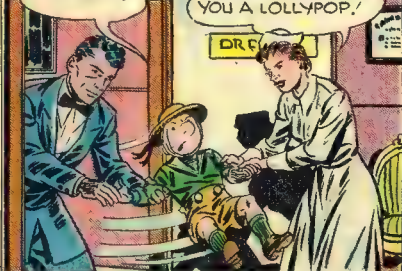
THERE YOU ARE, LITTLE MAN.

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, SLAM! OUCH—MY TOOTH HURTS NOW!

YOU SEE, SONNY BOY, YOU DO HAVE A TOOTH-ACHE!

FINALLY, THE DENTIST'S OFFICE ...

I DEMAND MY RIGHTS AS A TAX-PAYING CITIZEN!

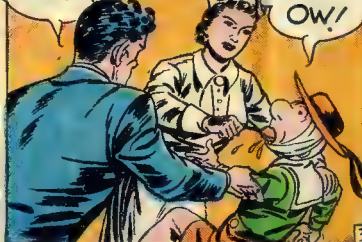


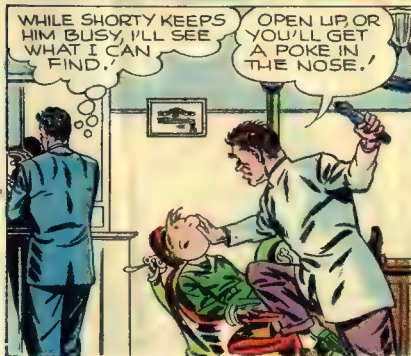
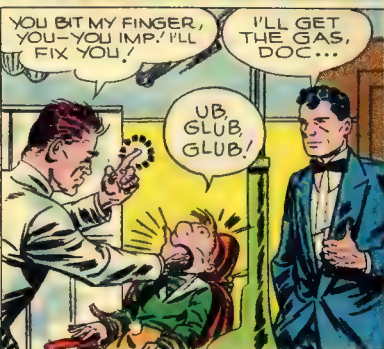
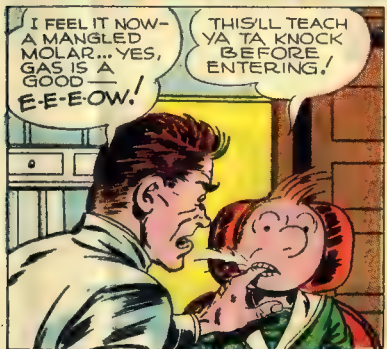
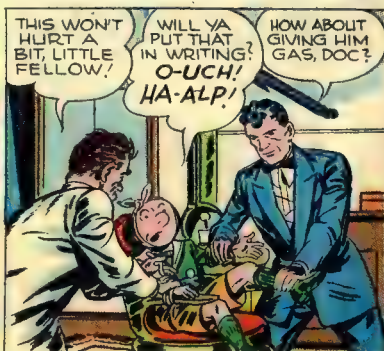
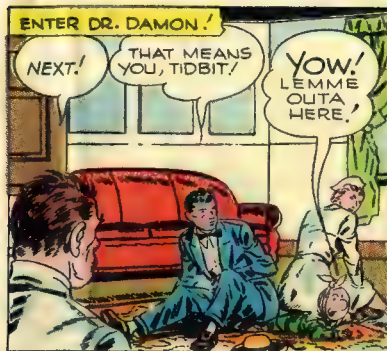
BE GOOD, LITTLE FELLOW, AND NURSIE WILL GIVE YOU A LOLLYPOP!

MY LITTLE BOY HAS BUSTED A BICUSPID. COULD WE SEE THE DENTIST?

I THINK SO, SIR.

GLUP, GLUP! CUT IT OUT, SISTER, I DON'T NEED A—OW!





THEN, THE "DENTIST" SMELLS A RAT!

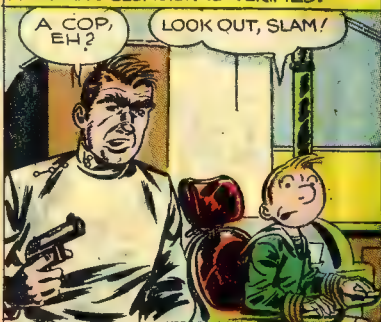


OO-O-OH!
NOBODY
WILL LOVE
ME WHEN
I'M TOOTH-
LESS!

HEY!
YOU!
WHADDA'
YA T'INK
YER DOIN'?

LOOKING FOR
A LAUGH—
AND I FOUND
IT!

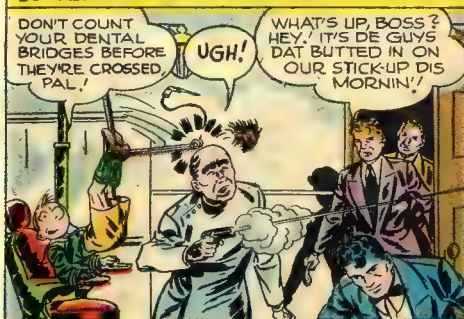
AND SLAM'S SUSPICION IS VERIFIED!



A COP,
EH?

LOOK OUT, SLAM!

BUT REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE FOR THE ENEMY....



DON'T COUNT
YOUR DENTAL
BRIDGES BEFORE
THEY'RE CROSSED
PAL!

UGH!

WHAT'S UP, BOSS?
HEY, IT'S DE GUYS
DAT BUTTIN' IN ON
OUR STICK-UP DIS
MORNIN'!

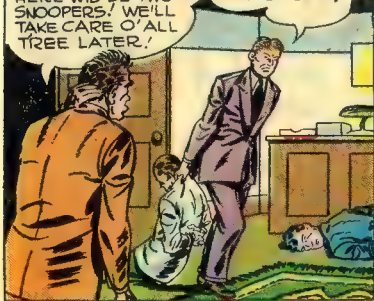
TAKE THAT,
WISE GUY!

LOOK AFTER DE
BOSS—DE LITTLE
PUNK MUSTA
HOIT 'IM!



DAT'LL HOLD 'EM!
LEAVE OL' DOC DAMON
HERE WID DE TWO
SNOOPERS. WE'LL
TAKE CARE O' ALL
TREE LATER!

YEH, AFTER WE
PULL DAT OTHER
LITTLE JOB!



WITH THE RETURN OF CONSCIOUSNESS...

HEY—
WE GOT
COMPANY!
WHO'S
THIS?

I'M THE REAL DR. DAMON!
THOSE CROOKS
TIED ME UP AND
TOOK OVER
MY OFFICE!

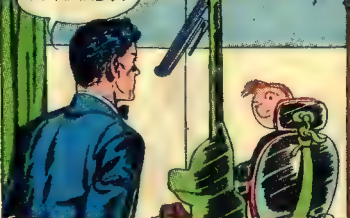


WE'D
BETTER TRY
TO BREAK OUT
OF HERE BEFORE
THEY GET BACK!

SLAM GETS ANOTHER IDEA—AND SHORTY TREMBLES!

NEVER DID I THINK I WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE A DENTIST'S DRILL! FOR A SECOND TIME IT'S COMING IN HANDY!

WHAT NOW?



SLAM APPLIES DRILL TO ROPE, AND...

OH, OH! IF YOU SLIP—

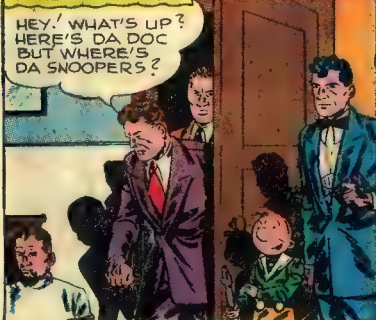
STOP FIDGETING! I'LL HAVE THOSE ROPES CUT IN JIG TIME! THE BOY WITH THE EDUCATED TOES, THEY CALL ME!

HURRY! I HEAR THEM COMING!



MINUTES LATER...

HEY! WHAT'S UP? HERE'S DA DOC BUT WHERE'S DA SNOOPERS?



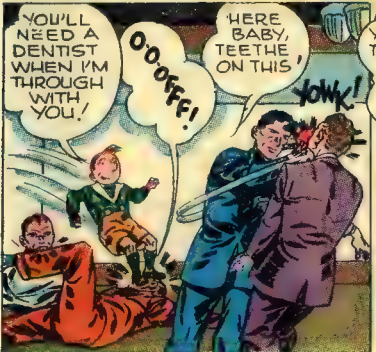
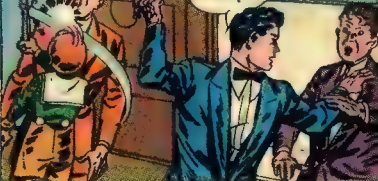
THEN THE DOOR CLOSES, AND...

HERE WE ARE!

OWW!

WAIT! YOU GET THE POINT OF THIS JOKE—IT'LL DRILL YOU!

NO! NO!



YOU'LL NEED A DENTIST WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

O.O.F.F.F!

HERE BABY, TEETHE ON THIS!

YOWK!



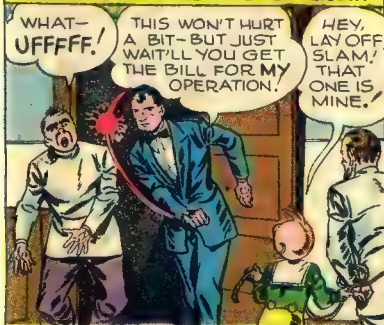
I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR OF THIS! YOU NEED SOME, TOO!

INHALE THIS! IT'S MY OWN BRAND OF LAUGHING GAS!

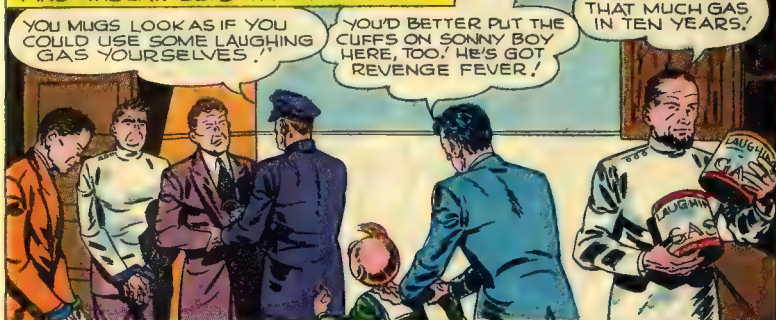
ULP!

HA-ALP!

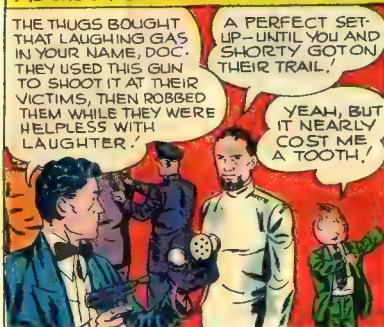
SUDDENLY, THE GANG CHIEF ENTERS...



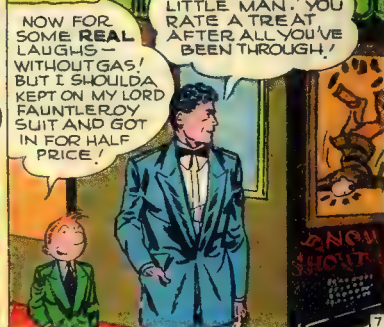
AND THE LAW GETS THE LAST LAUGH...



AS SHORTY BECOMES A "MAN" AGAIN...



LATER...



HERE'S A *FACT* MAGAZINE WITH SUPERMAN PUNCH!

WOW! REAL FACT COMICS IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT'S LOADED WITH ACTION!

THE SAME KIND OF SPEEDY ADVENTURE YOU GET WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN!



STORIES ABOUT REAL PEOPLE PACK PLENTY OF PUNCH!

THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL GET A REAL KICK OUT OF REAL FACT!

GOSH! I WISH I COULD READ!

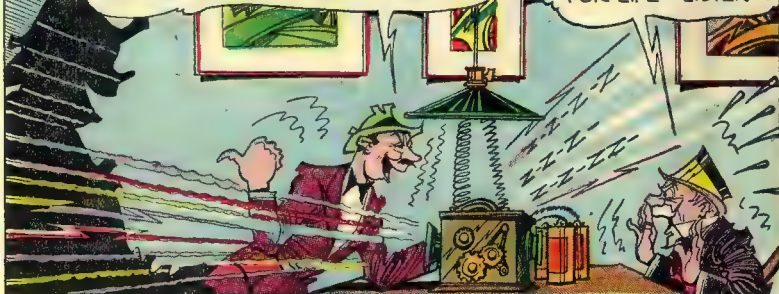
ASK FOR IT
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
TODAY!



THREE-DING BINKS

HI-YA, PAL BINKS— I'M KNOWN AS THE SHADOW THAT MAKES YOU SHUDDER— WITH MY LI'L OL' SHADOWSTROPIC MACHINE, I CAN MAKE MY OWN PERSONAL SHADOW DO EVERYTHING BUT ANSWER QUESTIONS. WANNA SEE MY SHADOW STRUT?

PLEASE SHOOSH AND SHUTTUP—AND THEN LEMME TELL YOU WHY I'M OFF YOU SHADOW ARTISTS FOR LIFE— LISTEN...



"SOME THURTY ODD YEARS AGO, A LONELY-LOOKING SORT OF STRANGER WALKS ONTO MY CARNIVAL LOT AND ADMITS THAT HE'S —"

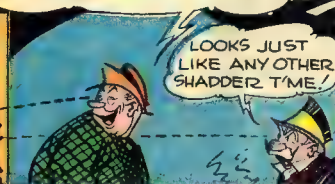
I CALL IT CHARLIE!— BUT BEYOND THAT IT'S OUTA CONTROL — I GO ONE PLACE, AND CHARLIE GOES WHEREVER HE PLEASES. STICK A LIGHT ON ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN!—

HOZZIS — I'M THE ONLY GUY IN THE WORLD WITH A PECULIAR SHADOW— I CAN'T MAKE IT BEHAVE— WANNA SEE WHAT I MEAN?

LEMME SEE!

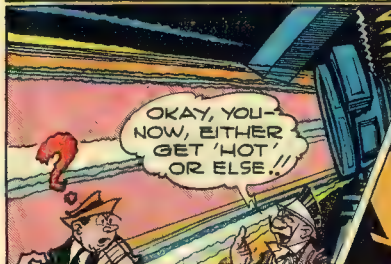


LOOKS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER SHADDER T'ME!

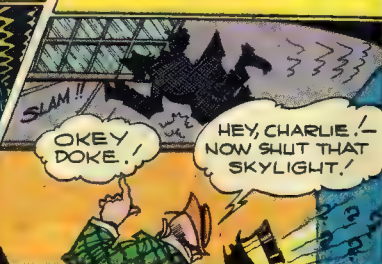


"I IMMEDIATELY FLASHED AN 1800 WATT BULB (WHICH I ALWAYS CARRIED IN MY UPPER VEST POCKET) AND MY NEW FOUND FRIEND IMMEDIATELY PUT 'CHARLIE' TO WORK—"

"WELL, BUD, I'M NOT KIDDING YOU—THAT SHADOW WENT ALL OVER THE PLACE—WHEREVER HOOZIZ COMMANDED IT TO GO!"



OKAY, YOU—NOW, EITHER GET 'HOT' OR ELSE!!



SLAM!!

OKEY DOKE!

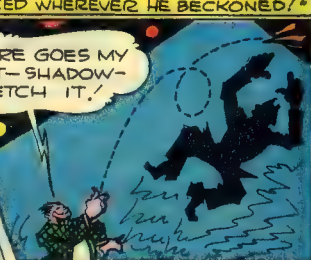
HEY, CHARLIE!—NOW SHUT THAT SKYLIGHT!

"I SAW WHAT AN ACT I HAD IN A FLASH, AND BILLED HIM AS 'HOOZIZ AND HIS SHADOW'— I PUT HIM IN THE NEXT SHOW— AND HE WAS A RIOT!!"

"— HE CHASED THAT SHADOW OF HIS UP, DOWN, AROUND, AND OVER AGAIN— SEEMED LIKE HE HAD SOME SORT OF PSYCHIC CONTROL OF THE CRITTER. IT JUST BOUNCED WHEREVER HE BECKONED!"



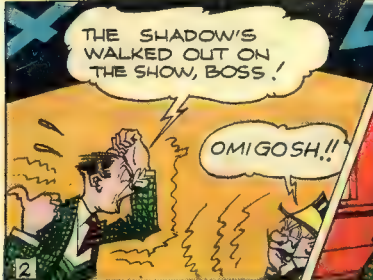
GIMME A HAND—STAND UP THERE—AND HOLD IT!



THERE GOES MY HAT— SHADOW—FETCH IT!

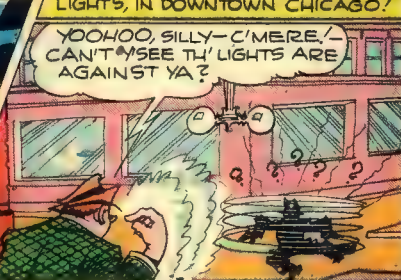
" THEN ONE SHOW, WE WERE PLAYING IN MILWAUKEE—OR WAS IT MINNETONKA, OR MANITOBA? THE SHADOW GOT OUT O' HAND."

"HOOZIZ 'WENT GROPIN' FOR FOUR NIGHTS AN' DAYS, AND FINALLY FOUND IT— CAUGHT BETWEEN TRAFFIC LIGHTS, IN DOWNTOWN CHICAGO!"



THE SHADOW'S WALKED OUT ON THE SHOW, BOSS!

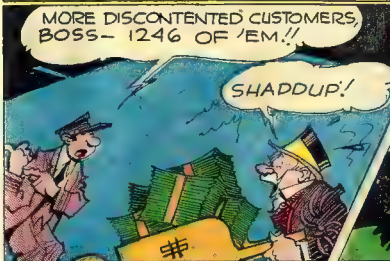
OMIGOSH!!



YOOHOO, SILLY—C'MERE.—CAN'T SEE TH' LIGHTS ARE AGAINST YA?

"- TO SAY THAT HE WAS FURIOUS AIN'T THE HALF OF IT-HOW DO Y' THINK WE FELT ?- I HAD TO PAY BACK ALMOST \$22,568.25 IN REFUND TICKET PURCHASES. (WHO'S GOT ANY ASPIRIN?) "

" THEN THINGS GOT DEFINITELY WORSE- HOOZIZ'S SHADOW STARTED SHADOWING SHADOWS AND BROUGHT THEM BACK WITH IT- WE COULDN'T GO ON WITH THE SHOW. "



MORE DISCONTENTED CUSTOMERS, BOSS- 1246 OF 'EM!!

SHADDUP!



C'MON, CHUMS- LET'S RAID THE LUNCH WAGON!

" FINALLY I TALKED IT OVER WITH 'HOOZIZ' AND HIS SHADOW-THEY EITHER STUCK TOGETHER OR ELSE. THEN THE SHADOW SAID- "

Y' MEAN, HIS SHADOW WALKED OUT ON HOOZIZ LIKE THAT? WHAT'S THE POOR FELLOW DOIN' NOW?



OR ELSE- SUITS ME BETTER. SO FOR YOU TWO- SO LONG!

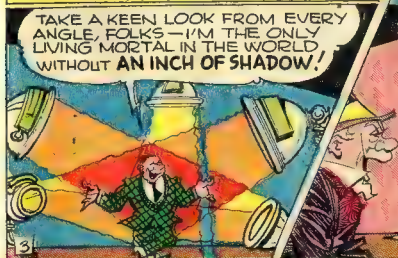


WHY, BETTER'N EVER I HEAR BETTER'N EVER.

WRONG NUMBER!

" HE STARTED HIS OWN SHOW- THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD UNDER FIVE THOUSAND ARC LAMPS WITHOUT A SHADOW- AND HE'S CLEANED UP A FORTUNE- HE - "

HEH-HEH-HEH- BUD! WHERE Y' HEADIN' ?



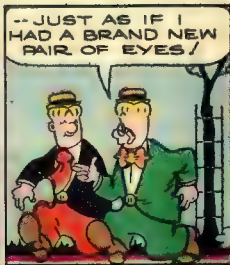
TAKE A KEEN LOOK FROM EVERY ANGLE, FOLKS- I'M THE ONLY LIVING MORTAL IN THE WORLD, WITHOUT AN INCH OF SHADOW!



OW-WAH! I'M HEADIN' OUTA HERE T'GET MY SHADOW PHOTOGRAPHED, AND AN ANCHOR!!



DAFFY & DOODLE



Advertisement



IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

A GAME OF CHECKERS

by Randolph Allen

STEVE PAVLICI stopped and listened to the steady rain beating on the roof of the huge warehouse. He had been nightwatchman since the building was completed a year before the war. Now the war was over and nothing more vital than a large shipment of nylons which had arrived yesterday was stored there.

The warehouse, usually lonely and full of echoes, seemed comfortable and dry in tonight's heavy rain as Steve moved on to complete his second round of the night and get back to the office in time to receive his routine nightly call from Police Headquarters. This month the warehouse beat was covered by his friend, young Johnny Burke. Steve hoped Johnny could come by for checkers tonight as he frequently did when on night duty.

"I must be getting old," thought Steve as, finished with his rounds, he approached the dusty little office. "I don't remember leaving that office light on."

A sixth sense seemed to tell him something was wrong but he couldn't quite shake off the relaxed cheerful feeling resulting from anticipation of the checker game.

"All right, get in there and keep quiet," growled a rough voice from the shadows just outside the door.

Startled, Steve half turned toward the voice, when he felt something thrust roughly into his ribs as a hand removed the gun from his shoulder holster. He was half pushed into the lighted office. His heart pounded faster as his mind raced over recent shipments stored in the warehouse and remembered with relief that the war was over.

Then he suddenly remembered the nylons awaiting distribution tomorrow to the big department stores in the city. "Worth thousands of dollars," the warehouse manager had said that afternoon when Steve came to work, "and wouldn't the black market operators like to lay their hands on these?"

"Sit down there in the swivel chair," sneered the rough voice. "You can pretend you're president of the company tonight. But," the voice got rougher, "one crooked move and you become ex-president."

Steve sat down and his eyes stared up into the barrel of an automatic, then moved on up to a pair of beady eyes set close together in a round swarthy face with a mean piggish expression. The gunman stepped back towards the door, water falling from his rain-soaked hat and coat.

"Okay, Joe," he called out "Get the trucks in, but be sure they leave their lights off!"

"All set, Lucky," answered a voice near the sliding doors of the truck entrance.

As Steve heard the doors sliding up in response to the electric button inside the warehouse he was reminded of the burglar alarm under the desk just a few inches from his right foot. Hope surged through him. A chance! If only he could reach the alarm unnoticed. He leaned back slowly in the swivel chair, pretending to relax. As the chair creaked, Lucky grinned and looked toward the corner of the office. Steve's eyes followed the same path and rested on the little pool of water left there as Lucky had knelt to cut the alarm wires now sticking out stiffly from the wall. Hope drained out of Steve.

The beady eyes hardened as Lucky licked his lips and said: "You ought to thank me for fouling that alarm because it saved two lives—yours and the first cop that would have come to answer it." He settled back and grinned again.

When Steve heard the hum of the motors as they came into the warehouse, he realized he was up against big-time racketeers. The motors were those of the big trucks used for hauling freight, and each one made a sudden flat-sounding roar as it came through the truck entrance. He counted five.

Suddenly he remembered that Johnny's call was overdue. What if Johnny decided to drop in unannounced? He glanced at the clock on the desk. As he heard the grunts of the men and the scraping of the boxes punctuated by a curt voice giving orders, he feared that cheerful Johnny Burke would walk in expecting a friendly game of checkers only to meet sudden death instead.

He tensed as he heard the clanging outside in the warehouse. Lucky sprang across the room and

savagely shoved the gun into Steve's ribs.

"What was that?" he snapped.

"The telephone," said Steve, a gleam coming into his eyes. "They have a large bell out in the warehouse so I can hear it if I'm making my rounds—I switch it over every night when I come in."

"All right, answer it." Suspicion still showed in Lucky's eyes. "I'm going to listen in on this extension—one word out of line and I'll make a nice neat hole right between your eyes."

Steve knew he meant it. He turned to answer the phone. As he lifted the receiver, Lucky picked up the receiver on the extension telephone across the room on the stenographer's desk.

"Hello," said Steve.

"Hello, Steve?" said Johnny Burke's voice at the other end of the wire.

Relief flooded over Steve. He glanced at Lucky who waved his gun menacingly and nodded toward the telephone.

"Well, who did you think it would be—the governor?" said Steve.

"Listen, Steve, I called to tell you I can't give you your usual drubbing tonight. I have to patrol the area around Judge Robinson's house. He's received a letter threatening harm to his kid if he doesn't cough up ten thousand dollars—keep it under your hat, though—he doesn't want it known that the police are on the case for fear the extortionists will hear it and carry out their threats."

Steve's face was now turned so that Lucky could not see the twinkle in his eyes as he replied:

"Well, you'd better hop out there right away Johnny, for the news is already out. I read all about it in my brother's paper tonight. Some reporter fellow even had it doped out that judging by the handwriting and spelling in the letter the whole thing was a prank by some kid. You ought to read the newspapers more—and if you can't catch criminals with a lead like that, I bet you never beat me in another game of checkers."

Amazement was in Johnny's voice. "You read it in your brother's—"

"Yep, I know you thought nobody knew about it," interrupted Steve, "but secrets do leak out, don't they? Well, goodbye, Johnny. If you catch them, I'll probably be reading about you in the paper." And with that he hung up.

Lucky softly put down his receiver and relaxed a little.

"Now you're beginning to show a little more sense than you did when you tried to reach that alarm. Who was your boy friend? A cop?"

Steve seemed relaxed and a little friendlier too.

"Yep, one of the boys, I play checkers with sometimes."

"Checkers, eh? I used to be pretty good at that game."

"Lots of people think they're pretty good who don't know the first thing about it," said Steve.

"Oh, yeah? Set up the board and I'll show you! Besides, it'll help kill time."

Steve pulled Lucky's chair around facing his chair at the desk. As Lucky settled down, Steve placed the checkers on the board and Lucky made the first move. For a few minutes, nothing was heard except an occasional grunt as one or the other lost a man. Lucky was completely relaxed now and enjoying the game. As he jumped another of Steve's men, Steve glanced up at the doorway behind Lucky. Lucky, intent on the game, did not see the glance but jerked forward when Steve clumsily upset the board scattering checkers over the floor.

"Why, you clumsy—" began Lucky.

"Shut up and get your hands up," came from behind him and a gun was rammed between his shoulder blades. The puzzled look in his eyes turned to a savage look as he glanced over his shoulder and saw the big blue-uniformed figure behind him.

"How—" he began and turned to look at a chuckling Steve, still holding the checkerboard in one hand.

"An old checker player like Steve can outwit guys like you any time," said Johnny. "He told me about it when I called him tonight."

"But I listened to the conversation," protested Lucky. "He only mentioned a newspaper story and giving you a lead on some extortionist."

"The lead was on another kind of criminal—you and your gang now on their way to jail. The rain made so much noise we sneaked in and caught them without firing a single shot. You see," said Johnny, gazing fondly at Steve, "when he told me that business about the newspaper story I knew something was wrong, for although he is a great checker player, Steve can't read Czech, and that's the language the newspaper his brother reads is printed in! His brother's only been in this country a year, and doesn't read our native papers yet!"



The 104 COMMANDOS

in

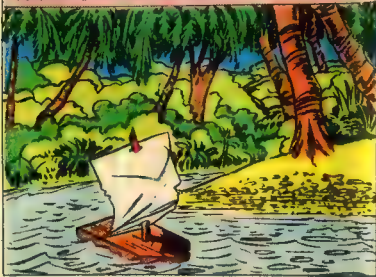
"BROOKLYN WANTS A KINGDOM!"

MEN HAVE RISKED THEIR LIVES FOR CROWNS AND KINGDOMS—BUT KING KEEVER OF KALI WOULD HAVE SACRIFICED THE FINEST SET OF WHISKERS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC TO GET RID OF HIS! ALL OF WHICH ADDS UP TO THE ODDEST INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT THE PAGES OF HISTORY HAVE PRODUCED — AND RIP CARTER AND HIS YOUNG DAREDEVILS OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCE HAVE A HAIR-RAISING ESCAPE FROM THE HORRIBLE FATE OF BEING MADE MONARCHS THEMSELVES!

UNTRUBLED BY THE WORLD, WHICH IT HAS NEVER TROUBLED, THE TINY ISLE OF KALI BASKS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC SUNSHINE ...



AND KALI MIGHT HAVE REMAINED UNKNOWN TO THIS DAY, BUT FOR THE LAUNCHING OF A FRAGILE BUT FATE-LADEN BARK ...



DAYS LATER, AND LEAGUES AWAY ...

LIKELY IT'S A BOYS TOY BOAT CARRIED OUT WITH THE TIDE, MISTER HOG!

WE'LL PICK IT UP, CAP'N, TO MAKE SURE!



MIGHTY STRANGE! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

I THINK WE SHOULD REPORT IT TO THE NAVY, THEN FORGET IT, SIR!



SOME DAYS LATER ...

HERE'S KALI—OFF THE SHIP LANES, THE SIZE OF A PIN-POINT, IT'S NOT WORTH BOTHERING ABOUT!

POLITICAL TROUBLES THERE MIGHT SPREAD TO NEARBY ISLANDS ON THE TRADE ROUTES. I THINK WE'D BETTER SEND THIS ON TO THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE.



AND FINALLY ...

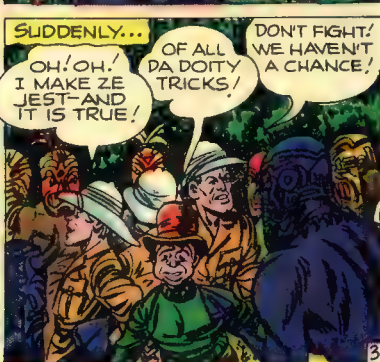
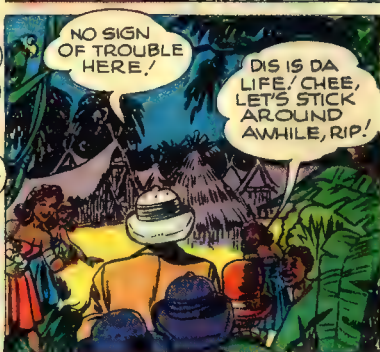
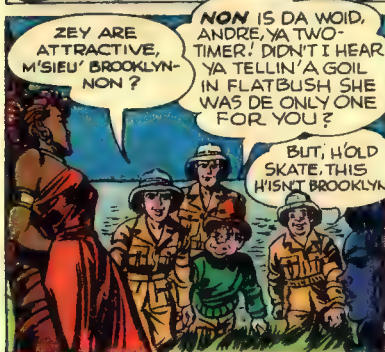
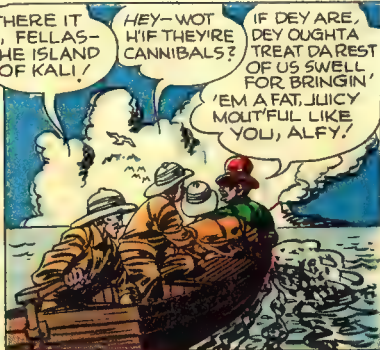
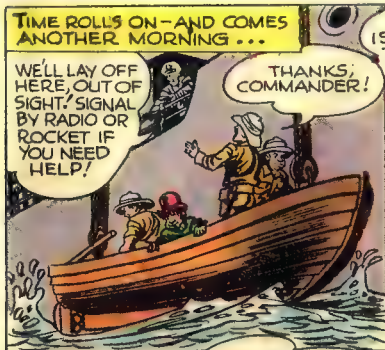
FRANKLY, CAPT. CARTER, WE NEVER HEARD OF KALI, AND THE NAVY WON'T SEND A WARSHIP IN RESPONSE TO WHAT MAY BE A HOAX!

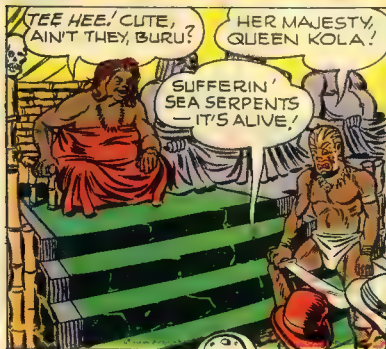
BUT IF YOU AND YOUR BOY COMMANDOS COULD CHECK ON IT, WE'D BE GRATEFUL!

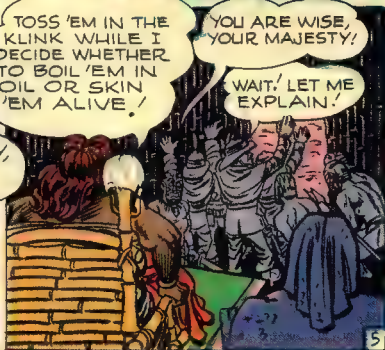
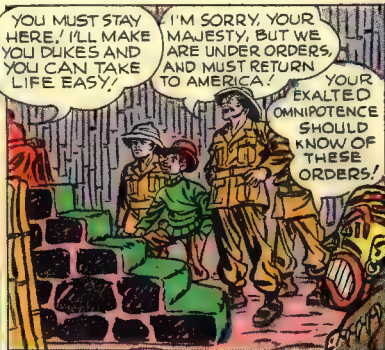
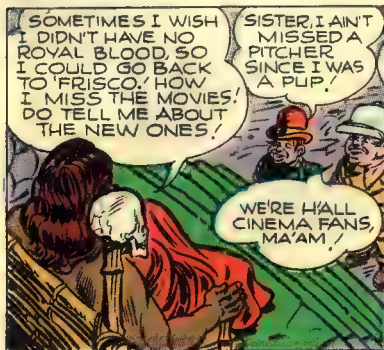
LEAVE IT TO US, SIR!

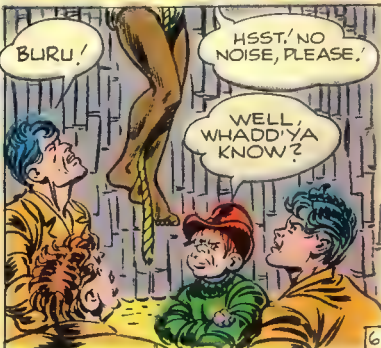
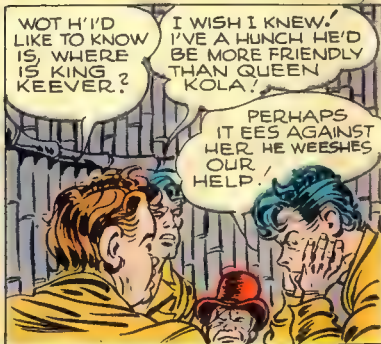
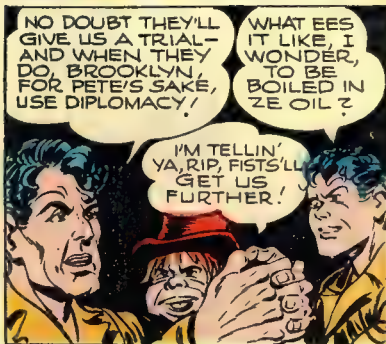
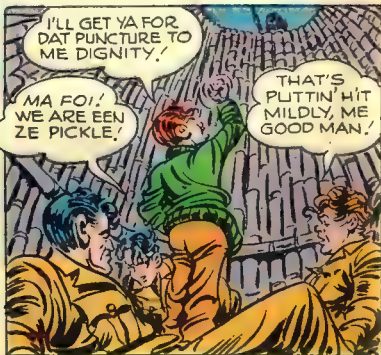
HELP! THEY GOT ME! SEND BATTLESHIPS AND PLANES!

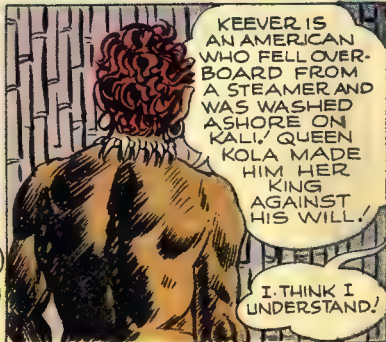
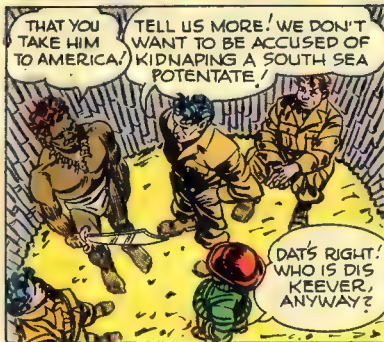














I WAS FORCED TO SUBDUE YOUR GUARD! LET US GO BEFORE HE REVIVES AND GIVES THE ALARM!

SET ZE PACE, M'SIEU, AND WE WILL KEEP UP!



ICK! ICK! ICK!

ARRRGHH!

OOOH! WOTA PLYCE!

DA TROUBLE WIT' YOU, ALFY, IS YA AIN'T GOT NO NOIVE!

DON'T TRIP OVER THESE VINES!

WOOO EEE!



EEE! SYVE ME!

BRRR!

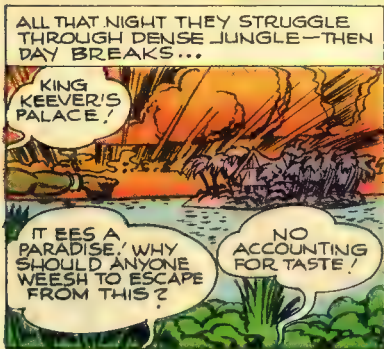
HAW, HAW! LOOKIT SCAREDY-CAT T'ROW A FIT WHEN A CUTE LITTLE MONKEY GIVES HIM DA BRONX CHEER!



HELP! HELP!

HO, HO, HO! LOOK AT THE 'ERO-'AVIN' A NERVOUS BRYKE-DOWN OVER A LITTLE SNYKE!

HISS!

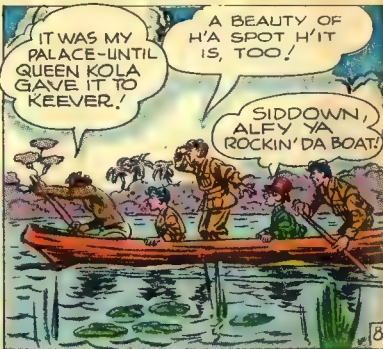


ALL THAT NIGHT THEY STRUGGLE THROUGH DENSE JUNGLE—THEN DAY BREAKS...

KING KEEVER'S PALACE!

IT EES A PARADISE! WHY SHOULD ANYONE WEEESH TO ESCAPE FROM THIS?

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE!



IT WAS MY PALACE—UNTIL QUEEN KOLA GAVE IT TO KEEVER!

A BEAUTY OF H'A SPOT H'IT IS, TOO!

SIDDOWN, ALFY YA ROCKIN' DA BOAT!

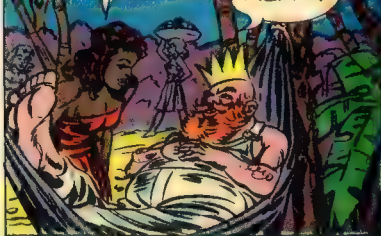


AND HERE IS HIS MAJESTY
KING KEEVER I, MONARCH OF KALI!



KEEVER
LIKE COCONUT
CANDY—YES?

NAW!
JUST SING
DE'BARBARY
COAST BLUES
AGAIN!



WHITE-
FACE
MAN
COME—
ONE-TWO-
THREE-
FOUR!

WHAT!
BY THE
BEARD O'
MY GRAND-
FATHER'S
BILLYGOAT,
'TIS THE
NAVY
COME TO
RESCUE
ME!



AHOY, MATIES! YE'RE A SIGHT
FOR SORE EYES, AN' KEEVER
MCKEEVER WILL FIGHT THE
GUYS WHO
SAYS NAY!

WE'RE THE
INTERNATIONAL
POLICE, NOT
THE NAVY,
MCKEEVER!

PIPE DA
WHISKERS!



MY FRIENDS, I DESPAIRED
OF EVER BEIN' RESCUED
FROM A HORRIBLE
FATE!

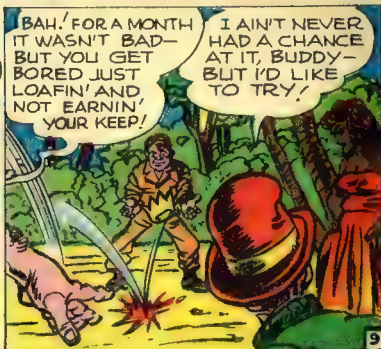
MAIS OUI—
OOO-LA-LA!

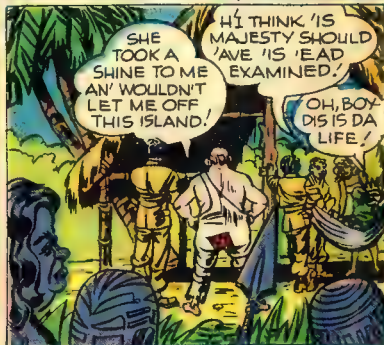
WOT'S
SO 'ORRIBLE
H'ABOUT IT?



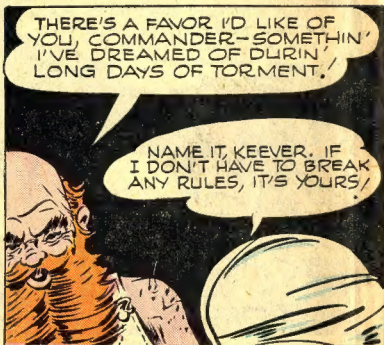
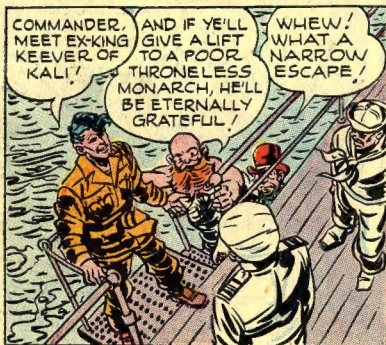
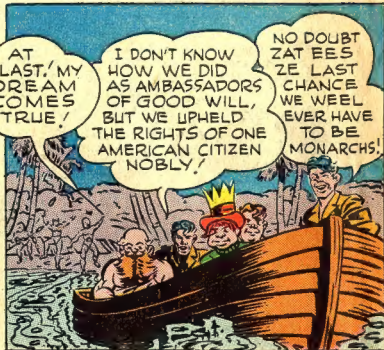
BAH! FOR A MONTH
IT WASN'T BAD—
BUT YOU GET
BORED JUST
LOAFIN' AND
NOT EARNIN'
YOUR KEEP!

I AIN'T NEVER
HAD A CHANCE
AT IT, BUDDY—
BUT I'D LIKE
TO TRY!









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READY at your dealer's—the unique, exciting, amazing Daisy HANDBOOK—something entirely new! It's a comic magazine—a popular science and mechanics magazine—a fun magazine—an adventure magazine—a "how to do it" magazine—a movie magazine—a marksmanship manual—a Daisy Air Rifle Catalog—ALL combined into ONE handy, thick, pocket-sized HANDBOOK! Also included is a TARGET IDEAS CONTEST offering air rifles for prizes! Now read thru the articles and features listed on the cover of this great new HANDBOOK. Then go to your nearest hardware, sports goods



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**Soon There'll Be Plenty of Daisys
... But Now ... Please Be Patient!**

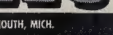
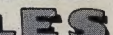
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State.....
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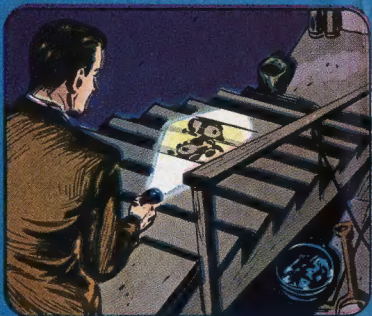
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is Best for

**DAISY 5¢
AIR RIFLES**

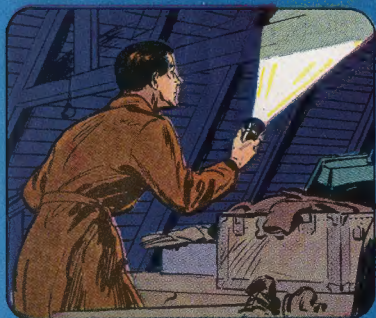
DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 509 UNION ST., DEPT. 6, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" in your home!

**What you can't see CAN hurt you
—says the National Safety Council**



1 About 5,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—33,500 fatally! Largest single cause: falling. A roller skate on a dark staircase; shin-catching obstructions; slippery objects: these can be lethal "booby traps." To avoid them, carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas.



2 Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Linoleum or carpeting should be tacked down firmly. In attic or basement, pack all loose objects in nonflammable boxes stored against the walls. Don't rely on *your* knowledge of where obstacles are located—the next person may not know.



3 Know in advance where your fuse box, main water and gas valves, etc., are located; be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure loose wires are so placed that you won't trip over them.

4 Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

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